

£10,000 REWARD FOR ARREST OF ASSASSINS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER SINGS AT CANNING TOWN.



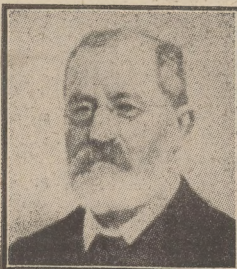
The Duchess of Westminster with her husband, Captain John Fitzpatrick Lewis (marked with crosses), and a number of their audience at the Dockland Settlement, Canning Town.

NOVEL GUARD OF HONOUR AT D.C.M.'s WEDDING.



Members of the Loyal United Friends' Society provided a novel guard of honour at the wedding of Corporal E. T. Felton, D.C.M., one of their number, to Miss Edith Wyld at Trinity Church, Bow Road, yesterday. An archway was formed of crossed wands bearing the society's sign on the top of each.

IN THE NEWS.



Senator the Hon. T. L. Schreiner, a prominent member of the Cape Town Senate, and elder brother of the late Hon. W. P. Schreiner, High Commissioner for South Africa, whose death from heart failure is announced.



Lord Halsbury, who has received a long letter of congratulation from the Lord Chancellor on the seventieth anniversary of his call to the Bar. Lord Halsbury continues in excellent health, despite his ninety-four years.



The Duchess, Mr. R. K. Cox, Captain Lewis.

Even on her honeymoon, the Duchess of Westminster found time to appear at Canning Town with her husband, Captain Lewis, and amuse a gathering of some 600 persons. (See news pages.) — (Daily Mirror photographs.)

DOROTHY'S OWN TALE OF SPIRIT FRIEND.

"He Speaks to Me Every Day,"
Young Land Girl Says.

MORSE CODE MESSAGES.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HERTFORD, Sunday.

I have conversed with Dorothy White, the young land girl, the story of whose nightly talks with a ghostly visitor, who raps out messages in the Morse code, has provided Hertfordshire with an unparalleled sensation.

I found Dorothy in the midst of the family circle—consisting of her father, mother and her brother Norman (an ex-servant with the artillery in France)—in a cottage abutting on a lonely lane some two miles out of Hertford. Here Mr. and Mrs. White manage a poultry farm and Dorothy helps them. She is a winsome figure in her land-girl garb.

When I told her *The Daily Mirror* wished to have the story of her "spirit talks" from her own lips Dorothy told it in a simple.

"About three weeks ago," she said, "I began to hear strange noises, as of someone knocking on my bedroom wall.

"Then my brother Norman heard the rappings and called out: 'Come in, old fellow!' but no one appeared. Later we found that we could interpret the noises by means of the Morse code."

"Aren't you nervous at all?" I asked.
"I was a little at first," Dorothy replied, "but now I am not in the least afraid. I feel sure



Mr. White, Jun.

Councillor Wren.

that the spirit is friendly and will do me no harm. I hold nightly conversations with him.

"Does 'he' appear only at night?" I asked.
"No; sometimes, but not often, he comes in the day time. When I asked him why he did not answer me in the day time, he replied that he was out of asleep."

Dorothy readily acquiesced in my suggestion that she should endeavour, there and then, to call up her spirit friend. Opening the door of the parlour in which we were seated, she advanced to the foot of the stairs, and in a sweet, clear voice asked: "Are you there?"

No answer was vouchsafed, and a second call was equally disappointing to her. Then Councillor Wren, of Hertford, took Dorothy's place at the foot of the stairs, and in a voice of entreaty called out: "Gentle spirit, are you there?" But the "spirit" answered not, and Dorothy observed sadly, "I expect he's asleep."

"I know he is real, for I have seen him," exclaimed Dorothy, and she went on to tell how, one afternoon, when in the kitchen, she heard a rustle, and, looking through the window, saw a shadowy form pass slowly across it. The features, she says, were indistinct, and wrapped around the figure was a long robe like a shroud.

"Has the spirit told you who or what he is?" I inquired.

"I asked him what his name was," Dorothy replied, "but he said I must wait awhile. All he will do so far is to repeat the initials 'B. M.'"

THAT FORBIDDEN FRUIT!

Lady Astor Expresses a Woman's View on
Prohibition—Too Much "Sex" in Law.

"I hate the word 'Prohibition,' and I have just enough of the devil in me that if anybody prohibits anything it becomes the thing I want."

Thus Lady Astor, at Liverpool on Saturday, expressed her views on "Pussyfootism."

"You have been so generous and big about it," added Lady Astor, in thanking the women of England for the way they had received her election to the Commons.

We have to think from woman's point of view, and when I say that I mean men, too, I don't believe in sex legislation. We have had too much of it already."

TICKETS FOR SEATS IN CHURCH!

Tickets were issued for admission to a church service last evening at Addlestone (Surrey). The occasion was the dedication of the war memorial in the parish church, and tickets had been issued in order that relatives of the fallen and subscribers to the memorial should be certain of securing seats.

\$5,000 PROFIT FROM COUNCIL FARM.

In the five years since they commenced to farm their own land under guidance of a farm manager, Scarborough Corporation have made over \$5,000 profits.

There is a credit balance on the last fourteen months' working of £1,284. The farm is 226 acres in extent.

'HELD-UP' STREETS

Road-Repairing Methods in London
That Annoy.

NON-STOP REMEDY.

The suggestion that the State should take over the tubes and buses of London may or may not solve the traffic problem of the greatest city in the world.

There is certainly one thing, however, that could be done to relieve the congestion in the principal streets, and that is to see that a street is a street, and not a mosaic of dug-outs.

At the present time there is scarcely a main thoroughfare in London that is not "up." Many of them—Fleet-street, for example, have been "up" for months, and the rain things are progressing they look like remaining in that condition for all time.

Scores of correspondents have written to *The Daily Mirror* lately complaining of the loss of time and inconvenience caused by these street repairing "hold-ups," which seem to be carried on in very leisurely fashion.

"Why is not the work kept going continuously night and day for seven days a week?" asks a City man.

"Why should operations be suspended at the week-ends, when traffic is at its minimum and the least possible inconvenience would be caused to the people?"

Roads Advisory Committee.—The first meeting of the Roads Advisory Committee constituted under the Transport Act will be held on February 5 at the Ministry of Transport.

102 DAYS ASLEEP.

Woman Awakened by Violin—Sleeping
Sickness Not Infectious Says Doctor.

Have you felt a curious sleepy sensation during the past few days? Are you perpetually tired and drowsy? If so, you may have a touch of encephalitis lethargica, a form of sleeping sickness.

There are seven patients in the London Hospital suffering from this disease; Cherbourg and other French towns have many victims, while in New York one woman has been asleep for 102 days and has only just been awakened by the playing of a violin.

A busy London doctor told *The Daily Mirror* that encephalitis lethargica was not a new disease, but was very rare. "It is not infectious," he said. "The cause and the cure of the malady are still to be discovered."

MR. ASQUITH GOES NORTH.

En Route for Paisley—"I Want First To
See the Ground."

Mr. Asquith, accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and Lady Bonham-Carter, left Euston at 11.50 last night, amid cheers, on his way to Paisley for the election contest. Among those present to see him off was Lord Lambourne.

Asked if he had anything to say about his prospects, Mr. Asquith smilingly replied: "Nothing at this moment, thank you. I want first to see the ground. As you know, I was speaking on Friday, and, of course, shall be speaking frequently in the near future."

Mrs. Asquith and Lady Bonham-Carter will assist the ex-Premier in his campaign by speaking for him.

The Coalition candidate is Mr. Mackenzie and the Labour candidate Mr. Biggar.

The extreme Labourists in Paisley are still keen on bringing forward a candidate. It is probable that at their meeting to-day they will consider the adoption of Mr. William Paul, who in the last election unsuccessfully contested the Ince Division of Lancashire.

Mr. Tom Myers, M.P. for Spen Valley, at Glasgow last night urged that Paisley electors should hearken Mr. Asquith on rational finance, the greatest political problem of the future.

\$2,000 JEWEL THEFT.

Police Warrant Issued Against Hotel
Visitor Who Had Attack of Ague.

Jewels stolen from the Carlton Hotel, Southsea, on the 20th inst., are now valued at £2,000, and comprise brilliant jewels, necklaces, etc., belonging to visitors staying at the hotel.

The property was missed, it appears, after dinner.

The police have a warrant for a man who stayed at the hotel and who said he was in the Army.

He complained at dinner one evening of an attack of ague and left the room, when, it is presumed, he proceeded to visitors' rooms.

He left the hotel that night telling the proprietress he had to attend a medical board. He did not return.

LEFT CHURCH AND VANISHED.

A month ago last evening Mrs. Allen, a Chertsey widow, over sixty-six years of age, rose from her place in a church quite near her home and in the same thoroughfare and walked out.

A couple of hundred yards away she was seen by a person, who knew her, but from that moment she has entirely disappeared from the knowledge of relatives and friends, and all efforts of the police to trace her have been unsuccessful.

BLIND ON THE STAGE

How Little Actresses Overcome
Their Affliction.

SPEECH TAUGHT BY TOUCH

How the tragedy of blindness and deafness can be lightened and how children thus afflicted can become practically normal were illustrated during the week-end, when *The Daily Mirror* paid a visit to the Residential Deaf School at Homerton.

Here the pupils—boys and girls of varying ages, many of whom are totally or partially blind—are coaxed to talk and laugh and be happy.

Great preparations are in progress for a Christmas play, written by a fifteen-year-old pupil. Some twenty children will take part.

It will be produced on a "real stage," the object being to give the children confidence in themselves, encourage them to talk and improve the speech that remains to them.

They learn the script by touch, having the words spelt on their own fingers, and you will come upon groups of small performers with little restless hands at work, discussing the relative merits of their parts.

The "star" is Alice, a deaf, blind and sadly disfigured, and a small companion are to recite Kipling's "Big Steamers." They gave a dress rehearsal for the benefit of *The Daily Mirror* last week.

They entered the room, Carrie, only partially blind, guiding Alice with infinite care and in a pretty, protecting manner. It is pathetic to see these children, relying on the guidance of those only a little less frail than themselves.

They recited alternate verses, and attached to the finger of each was a length of wool. A slight tug from one to another intimated the conclusion of each verse.

And when you leave the superintendent's room and go to watch the children at play or at tea, they will cluster about you, feeling you with little patient groping hands, and then, holding them up in mute appeal to be spoken to.

MASKED MAN DRAMA.

Story of Intruder Who Entered Bedroom
and Daylight Theft of £30.

A man wearing a mask entered a house in Rishborough-lane, Cheriton, near Folkestone, early on Saturday and carried off £30 belonging to Mr. John Saunders, who is employed by the East Kent Road Car Company. At the time

the only person in the house was Mr. Saunders' mother, aged nearly seventy. She was in bed, and, hearing someone in another room called out: "Is that you, Vic?" (the name of a grandson). The reply (in a voice which was strange to her) was: "No, it's me." The door of her bedroom was then opened, and a man wearing a mask which completely hid the upper part of his face entered. Advancing towards the bed in a threatening manner, he held something in his hand, the man said to Mrs. Saunders: "I want money, and he then rifled a box in which was £30, the savings of her son John. She managed to escape into the street in her night-dress and clothing.

The police were informed of the outrage and are making inquiries.

Mrs. Saunders.

The police were informed of the outrage and are making inquiries.

1920'S FIRST "SUN" DAY.

Eight Hours' Shine at Hastings and Six
in London—Spring-like Weather in South.

Yesterday was the New Year's first real "Sun" day. All round the coast long spells of sunshine were recorded, Hastings leading with 8.1 hours, while most of the south coast resorts enjoyed seven hours and London itself "scored" 6.2 hours.

It was the perfect day for the road, and thousands of tired Londoners were to be found on all roads leading from London—walking, cycling and motoring.

It was January in its brightest, gayest mood. Blue skies, fleecy clouds, golden sunshine and freshening air made it good to be alive.

"This is ideal weather for us," said one enthusiastic pedestrian to *The Daily Mirror*. "The temperature is exactly right, the air full of freshness and health."

HURT IN MOTOR ACCIDENT.

Two persons were hurt in a motor smash on the Uxbridge-road at Acton last night. A motor van skidded for about twenty yards on the tram lines and crashed into a heavy electric light standard, which fell on a bill-posting station and practically demolished it. Several pedestrians had narrow escapes, but Miss Alice Willis and another woman were cut and shaken. At medical attention they were able to go home.

FISH DIRECT FROM SEA—SOON.

The Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., announce that they have already taken over and are operating the direct fish line from the coast.

A number of retail shops have already been purchased and will shortly be open to the public.

GROWING COST OF GIRLS' EDUCATION.

"Extras" Which Make School
Fees So Expensive.

DAUGHTERS' LUXURIES.

Growing Financial Troubles That
Afflict Middle-Class Parents.

Are boys or girls the more expensive to educate and maintain? A few years ago the question would have been dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders.

To-day, with the professions gradually opening their doors to women, parents will find that their daughters' education is in no degree less costly than that of their sons.

"In the very high-class schools girls are more expensive than boys," *The Daily Mirror* was informed by a firm of educational agents.

Boys may be housed in long dormitories, but parents are averse to the system for their daughters, and the neatly-curtained cubicles or tiny, brightly-decorated rooms all help to swell the school fees.

Between £200 and £250 per annum would cover a boy's education at a big public school. His sister, a pupil at a high-class finishing school, would cost her parents at least £250 per annum for her board and ordinary school course, and any extra subjects would quickly increase this fee.

THOSE BOOTS!

Big Item with Sons—Clothes That Have a
Habit of Getting Lost.

A middle-class father whose son and daughter are both attending day schools, states that the boy costs him more than the girl.

The following are the tables of expenditure which have been made for each child for the new school term:—

| Boy—age 12. | Girl—age 10. |
|--|------------------------|
| School fees (including tuition, and dinner)..... | School fees..... |
| Pupil's season ticket (3 months) 1 0 0 | Music..... |
| 2 pairs boots..... | Dancing slippers 1 5 0 |
| Overcoat..... | |
| Suit..... | |

"My wife makes all the little girl's clothes at home," he adds, "so that her outfit costs considerably less than the boy's."

"I do not know anything about girls—I have no daughters, but boys are so very expensive," said the father of a boy at a good public school.

"My boy's boots alone are a tremendous item," he went on. "Every fortnight they have to be repaired, and I seem always to be buying new ones. Boys, moreover, are always losing their clothes. They are very careless."

LONDON HOTEL WASTE.

"Nothing Doing" for Visitors at
"Demobbed" Palaces.

The recent "demobbing" of certain London hotels has not yet added to the accommodation for would-be visitors to the metropolis. As a result, a few of these during the week-end showed that practically no work was being done on any of them.

Inquiring at the Metropole how soon the Ministry of Munitions intended to leave, *The Daily Mirror* was told that nothing had been heard about moving, and that all the rooms were occupied by their usual staff.

At the Cecil there was a caretaker on duty, but no other staff. It is probable that the contractors who are to renovate the place will not begin work for another three weeks.

If the outside of De Keyser's Hotel is any criterion, it does not boast even a caretaker, and the dusty windows and forlorn, empty rooms cannot be said to look very promising.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind between south-west and west, light or moderate, mainly fair; rain or hail, showers in places, squally; visibility fair to good; colder than of late.

Italian railway strikers will resume work to-day.—Reuter.

Clematis, crocuses and wallflowers are in full bloom at East Acton.

Cromwell's birthplace at Huntingdon has been sold by auction for £2,600.

Germany's representative in Paris, Herr Mayer, has arrived in Paris.

French M.P.'s salaries, it is suggested, should be increased to £1,200 a year.

A bequest of £232 for awards to gallant London firemen has been left by Mr. A. C. Foot.

M. Dutasta, Secretary-General of the Peace Conference, is to control the French Embassy in Bern.—Reuter.

Bombay Strike Riot.—One man was killed in the Bombay strike riots; the military, after a warning had been given, were forced to fire.—Reuter.

U.S. Newspaper Change.—Mr. Munsey announces that the *New York Sun* and *New York Herald* are to be merged into the *Sun* and *New York Herald* as from February 1.—Reuter.

DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S DOCKLAND HONEYMOON

How "Surprise" Bride Remembered Poor in Her Happiness—Canning Town Reception.

SINGS DUETS WITH SOLDIER HUSBAND.

The *Daily Mirror* is able to publish to-day interesting details of the unconventional honeymoon of the Duchess of Westminster.

Part of it has been spent with her husband, Captain John Fitzpatrick Lewis, not in Mayfair or Nice, but in Canning Town, where the men who load and unload the great ships that come to London live with their wives and families.

The romantic remariage of the Duchess came as a surprise to her friends, and was only known publicly last Friday evening. (Photographs on page 1.)

SMALL BOY CONGRATULATES THE DUCHESS

Warm Handshake After an Appreciated "Turn."

RUSH FOR A "PICTURE."

It was in Canning Town that *The Daily Mirror* found the happy couple on Saturday night.

Even on her honeymoon the Duchess of Westminster had not forgotten the poor, and with her husband she managed to entertain over 500 men, women and children of the dockland "colony."

It was in the Dockland Settlement of the Malvern Mission Club, Cooper-street, Canning Town, and the time was 9.15.

The room was packed. Those who could not get seats used the window-ledges—in fact, every possible structure.

A cinematograph performance had just concluded, when the warden of the club, Mr. R. Kennedy Cox, mounted the stage and made the following announcement, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm:

"We have some good friends here with us to-night, and I have great pleasure in telling you that the Duchess of Westminster and her husband, Captain Lewis, are here."

The stewards here had to blow whistles to restore order, so great was the enthusiasm.

"The Duchess has recently been married and is now on her honeymoon," said Mr. Kennedy Cox, "but she has come down here to-night to sing to you, while her husband, Captain John Fitzpatrick Lewis, will also sing." This statement was received with more cheering.

The Duchess and her husband then took the stage and sang the duet, "Supposing," from "Baby Bunting," followed by "Coupons," from "Buzz Buzz."

Captain Lewis finished by singing "The Freighter and the Bear," which caused great applause.

The cheering at the finish almost shook the building as much as the Silvertown explosion did when it put the club out of commission for some time.

CHILDREN'S MIGHTY RUSH.

Dash to the Stage To Be Photographed with the Bridal Couple.

After their turn the Duchess and her husband were photographed, but before this was done the Duchess expressed the wish that as many of the audience as possible should come on to the stage and be photographed with them.

The children of the dockers made one great rush—greater than that witnessed at any football match—on to the stage, almost causing the stage manager's hair to stand on end.

The bride and bridegroom were pushed to the right and to the left, now forward, now backward, the boys and girls clinging on to scenery or anything else that gave them purchase for a "scrum."

When at last they managed to settle down "Bang!" went the flashlight, and the picture of the Duchess and her soldier husband surrounded by the working people of Canning Town was taken.

"Wilkie's Marionettes" was the next item on the programme, and was followed closely by the happy pair, who by this time had seated themselves among the audience.

FREE CLUB FOR ALL.

Football, Boxing, Concerts, Cinema, Girls' Classes and Labour Exchange.

They left during the performance, when the crowd forgot the act taking place on the stage and gave three rousing cheers. Near the door a boy rushed forward and offered his hand to the Duchess, who warmly shook it, causing another burst of cheering.

What a tale he will be able to tell, and how his friends will envy him! He had shaken hands with a real, live Duchess!

Mr. Burtwell Wigmore, one of the staff of the club, told *The Daily Mirror* that the club had

recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It is open to everyone in the district, from the age of nine years upwards. There is a cinema and a labour exchange.

Saturday night is the big night, when professional artists are engaged, and a first-class entertainment is given free.

Football clubs are conducted for boys and youths, and boxing is also taught. Prince Albert has given a football cup to be competed for by the different teams.

The girls are taught sewing, cooking, Morris dancing, while girl guide troops are trained. The staff of the club is composed of ex-officers, all of whom joined up in August, 1914.

It costs £4,000 a year to run the mission clubs, of which the Duchess has been a great supporter.

'FLU IN NEW YORK.

2,361 More Cases—Changing Theatre Hours, etc., to Check Epidemic.

New York, Sunday. As the result of an increase of 2,361 cases of influenza during the last twenty-four hours, the city authorities have issued orders, to come into effect on Tuesday, changing the hours of business and the opening and closing of theatres in order to relieve the rush hour traffic congestion in an effort to check the spread of the disease.

An appeal is issued for nurses. The influenza epidemic is growing in every part of the country.—Reuter.

Author of eighty novels, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, the American novelist, has died from pneumonia, aged fifty-nine, says the Exchange.

The Earl of Reading is suffering from a slight attack of influenza and will be unable to perform his judicial duties or to fulfil his other engagements for the next few days.

WOMAN DIPLOMAT.

Soviet Government Select Angelica Balabanow for Rome Post.

The Russian Government announce, says a Central News telegram from Rome, that Mme. Angelica Balabanow will be selected as the Russian diplomatic representative for Rome.

No solution of the hotel difficulties at Copenhagen having yet been reached, M. Litvinoff is provisionally remaining in his present rooms. He says it might be possible for him to stay there if the authorities with drew the detectives whose protection he does not desire.—Reuter.



Mme. A. Balabanow.

They have been compelled to establish factory councils, and to set at the head of the most important concerns dictators with power of life and death over employers.

The "Reds," says Moscow, have taken Perekop (an isthmus that unites Crimea with Russian mainland).—Wireless Press.

A Warsaw report says that owing to the Bolshevik advance the Polish Cabinet has signed a mobilisation order.—Reuter.

Admiral Kolitchak, says Moscow, is in prison at Irkutsk.

DOVER PATROL HEROES.

A detachment, 200 strong, of British seamen and Royal Marines, many of whom fought at Zebrugge, are crossing from Dover to France to-day to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Dover Patrol Memorial on Cape Blanche by Marshal Foch.

The ceremony will be attended by British and French naval, military and civic representatives.



F. Preece. W. H. Wiggall. E. Rouse.

Three of the five men who were killed by the collapse of a roof of a garage in process of construction in Birmingham House, who was demolished three months ago, went to France on August 4, 1914, having never seen the war without receiving a scratch.

MYSTERY OF THE TRAGIC DEATH OF NURSE SHORE.

Man Charged on Minor Offence Detained at Eastbourne.

There has been a development in the mystery surrounding the death of Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, the demobilised Army nurse, who was murdered in a train from Victoria to St. Leonards last Monday week.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that a man who was arrested at Eastbourne on a minor charge has been detained for inquiries.

Miss Rogers, the dead woman's friend, who saw Miss Shore off at Victoria Station in the train, will be asked this morning to say if she can identify the detained man as the young man who got into the compartment with Miss Shore a few minutes before the train—an express to Lewes—left Victoria.

In connection with the tragedy Scotland Yard requests that proprietors of places of call for letters and parcels, second-hand dealers, pawnbrokers, repairing tailors and cleaners of clothes will at once report if, since January 19, they have seen anything of two suits of clothes, one brown and the other blue, and an overcoat of grey texture.

Chelsea Mystery.—No further development in the Chelsea crime has yet taken place, and the police are working on the clues which are in their possession.

BIG NEW PLANE SMASHED.

Pilots Killed on Trial Trip—Seventy German Machines Destroyed.

PARIS, Sunday. A new Bleriot aeroplane, constructed to carry twenty-eight passengers, and intended for the Paris-London service, was smashed on its trial trip at Buc.

The pilots was killed.—Exchange. Seventy Hun "Planes Burnt.—Some seventy aeroplanes, including two giant "planes, which were lying ready in the hangars at Warne-muende, were destroyed in a tremendous conflagration on Saturday night.—Reuter.

POLICE BARRACKS BOMBED.

Eight R. I. Constables Attacked by 40 Raiders—1½ Hours Battle.

Early yesterday morning Murroe Police Barracks, County Limerick, were attacked by a party of men estimated to number about forty. Firing continued for an hour and a half.

An attack was made upon the police barracks at Ballyinglass, Co. Wicklow, last evening by armed and masked men, who forced their way into the building and fired at two constables. Constable McGlynn was wounded, and his condition is critical. Constable McPartlin also received injuries.

When military and police reinforcements arrived the firing had ceased and the attackers dispersed. The movements of the relieving force were impeded by obstructions, the roads being blocked with trees and a wall of stones. Some of the raiders made their way to the barracks gable and exploded a bomb against the wall but the gable withstood the effects of the explosion.

NO SYMPATHY FOR EX-KAISER.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday. The newspapers all comment on the Dutch Government's answer to the Allies' Note demanding the extradition of the ex-Kaiser. The *Handelsblad* says: "It is not only the answer of the Government; it is the reply of the Dutch people. We must and can only do that which is right in the highest and largest sense of the word."

The *Telegraaf* expresses its appreciation of the fact that the outstanding merit of the Dutch Note is the entire absence of sympathy with the accused.—Reuter.

ALL CLEAR FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Trains to Bagdad or the Cape Every 15 Minutes.

£30,000,000 SCHEME.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that the naval and military authorities who have been considering the question of the Channel Tunnel are in favour of the project, subject to various provisions securing its control by the British authorities at the English end.

(Photograph on page 16.)

It will be remembered that in November last the matter was referred by the Cabinet to the naval and military authorities for their advice.

When the Prime Minister received a deputation on the subject on November 10 last it was stated that all political objections had been removed, and that those Ministers who had opposed the Channel Tunnel before the war were now in favour of it.

It was also stated that the Prime Minister expressed his whole-hearted approval of the project and recognised its value to commercial and industrial development.

The construction is, of course, a private enterprise. It will take five years to build and will cost £30,000,000.

The former estimate of the cost was £15,000,000. The expenditure has increased in consequence of the higher cost of material and labour, but this, it is understood, does not in the least alarm the promoters.

FERRO-CONCRETE TUNNEL.

Water-Lock Which Could Be Flooded—Right to Blow Up Line.

Sir Francis Fox, the consulting engineer, explained the scheme to the House of Commons Committee of the Channel Tunnel in March last.

It is proposed to sink a shaft from both sides. Geologists are of opinion that the strata on both sides are identical—first a beautiful white chalk, under which lies a grey chalk, which is impervious to water.

The lining of the tunnel will at first be cast-iron segments, but as the work is advanced these will be removed and ferro-concrete substituted.

There would be a water-lock, which they could flood, added Sir Francis, so that even a rat could not get through, and they would reserve the right to blow up some portion of the tunnel in case of emergency.

It would be possible to run trains from London at intervals of a quarter of an hour to all parts of Europe, and eventually to Bagdad and Capetown via Cairo.

Baron d'Erlanger is chairman of the Channel Tunnel Company. Sir A. Foll is chairman of the Commons Channel Tunnel Committee.

£10,000 REWARD.

Offer for Information Regarding Assassins of Fourteen Irish Police Officers.

A proclamation issued from Dublin Castle and posted in Dublin yesterday contains an offer by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland of a reward of £10,000 for information within three months such as shall lead to the conviction of any of the persons guilty of the murder of fourteen police officers, whose names are set out.

The list begins with the assassination of Detective Smith in Dublin on July 30 last year and is brought up to date, the murders last week of Deputy-Commissioner Redmond in Dublin and Constable Finnegan in Thurles being included. There is also offered a further reward of £1,000 for such secret information as shall be calculated to lead to the conviction of any of the offenders.

LONDON WAITERS' STRIKE?

Threat of Five Minutes Notice to Call Out Restaurant Workers.

It was intimated by Mr. Cann, the secretary of the British Waiters' Union, at a hotel-workers' protest meeting held at the Holborn Empire yesterday, that definite action would be taken next week in the case of one large firm of caterers, whose employees would be called out at short notice.

Mr. Cann declared that the time had come for fighting. "If the workers," he said, "in one firm in London will listen to me they will come out on strike before next week is out." (Cries of "Have them out.") If I call them out they will get five minutes' notice."

MUTINY OF NATIVE TROOPS.

A delayed Reuter's telegram from Nairobi (British East Africa) states that a Somali platoon at Kar, in Northern Jubaland, has mutinied and murdered its commander, Lieutenant Dawson-Smith. The mutineers then deserted and fled in the direction of Somaliland.

To Secure these Attractive Bargains Post Your Orders Early.

Arding & Hobbs

LAST WEEK OF SALE

EXTRAORDINARY FINAL BARGAINS

FINAL BARGAINS



POST YOUR ORDERS EARLY.



Very smart Restaurant close-fitting Hat of Satin tulle, so 6 plane trim with French spray to finish, in new Spring shades of Brown, Putty, Navy, Amber, Sage, Grey and Black. Final Reduction to clear 7/6. Including Packing and Post.



Special Sale Offer of Ladies Tailored Night-dresses effectively trimmed tulle and lace and embroidery. P. 4/6d. Sale Price 6/11 1/2

Orders by Post Receive Careful and Prompt Attention.



ARMOR HOSE



Special Sale Offer of Ladies Tailored Night-dresses effectively trimmed tulle and lace and embroidery. P. 4/6d. Sale Price 6/11 1/2

Placid euclose full remittance with orders to avoid delay.

Pretty effective Voile House, Restaurant pattern, neat reverse collar, fl failed artistic shaped buttons. Colors: Sage, Moss, Grey, Rosade, Navy and Helio. Sizes 12, 14, 14 1/2. Well Post 4/6. Price 3/6d

ARMOR HOSE

"NUTH" - Simple Party or Dance Frock in Crepe de Lyons, designed on the newest lines, with Oval Neck and new Pleated Collar. In Navy, Sage, Helio, Grey & Sage. Special Price 29/11 Limited number only. Price 2/6

Last Remnant Days FRIDAY & SATURDAY NEXT. at HALF MARKED PRICES.

Semi-tailored Velour H-H Hat in becoming shawl. Can be rolled for making purses. Colors: Grey, Bottle, White, Brown, Navy, Mauve, Cherry, Violets Rose, Sage, & Dandelion. Special Sale Price 7/6. Including packing & Post.

Ladies' Warm Gaiters Last two thousands pairs of our marvellous offer at less than half price. Every new strength with leather strap-plug. Height 8 1/2 & 10 1/2. In Light & Dark Grey, Light and Dark Brown Navy and Navy. Special Price, pair 2/6. Sizes 4 to 7.

Arldino Hose in Black Chalmers finish. This stocking is an sort, 4 1/2 warm as Chalmers but wear considerably better. Sale Price P. 13/6d. Pair 1/8 1/2 3 pairs 4/6, Post 2/6.

A Bargain in Cogue Made to fit any hat. Can be obtained in the following shades: Sage, Sky, Lawn, Lemon and Rose. Special sale 2/6. Price 2/6

2/6

ARMOR HOSE

"New quays" - Black Knit. In black tulle, slightly raised at waist, is laced with elastic side straps. Length 24 and 30. Sale Price 23/11

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EIGHTY-FIVE DEPARTMENTS.

Another Marvellous Bargain Offer in the
GREAT WINTER SALE
 The Entire Surplus Government Stock
Full Length Mackintosh Capes
 LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

16/9 EACH.
 POST 9d.

**OVER 8,000
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**SUITABLE
 FOR MEN.**

Best quality Rubber
 Proofed Mackintosh Capes
 in Fawn only, fitted with
 shoulder straps and arm
 slits, exact as illustration.
 An ideal garment for
 Shooting, Fishing, Driving,
 Riding and every kind of
 out-of-door occupation.
 Length 48 inches only.

**OR FOR
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The most useful and practical
 Garments for Women
 it is possible to obtain.
 These Mackintosh Capes
 are ideal for shopping,
 driving, golfing, picnics or
 for general wear in wet or
 showery weather. Length
 48 inches only, measuring
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Until Cleared 16/9
 Each. Post 9d.

IMPORTANT. Both illustrations are of the
 same Cape and show how practical the gar-
 ment is either for Ladies' or Men's Wear.
 As the Capes are being sold in two depart-
 ments please state if required for Ladies' or Men's wear.

REMEMBER.—No further supplies can possibly
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 Kindly mark envelopes "CAPES" in top left-hand corner.

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To avoid
 delay please
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 remittance
 with order.

**POST
 NOW**

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1920.

NO HURRY.

THE difficulties of getting about London have decreased, certainly, for those who can afford taxicabs.

They do not diminish for those who use humbler vehicles. And they are intensified by the prolonged efforts in excavation that have divided or totally barred busy streets during the last six months.

These excavations show no signs of ceasing.

We could easily believe that they have an archaeological rather than a utilitarian aim; for they are like to last as long as those at Pompeii or Herculaneum: that is, for several centuries.

Before the war, it was a familiar and rather a pleasant thing to see the sudden manner in which a sort of shed would establish itself in the middle of the busiest street; if possible, at the busiest season of the year.

An island, or oasis, once set up, a deep hole would then be dug, and somebody would go down the hole and be telephoned to from above; presumably as to what "finds" he had secured in the depths of Mother Earth.

Evidently he would report favourably that he had struck gold, because the man or men on the surface would then settle down about a deliciously warm brazier of Mycenaean or early Cretan type; and they would fry many a fine beefsteak, or frizzle many a chop, before it.

This open-air life would thereupon attract other gipsies, who would arrive and extend the area of feasting; until at last a whole street had been laid open.

This would go on for weeks, while the futile mere modern traffic, and hum of latter life, were diverted to other lines.

We thought the new strenuous times had deprived us of this old-world sight. It has only been slightly modified.

It is now a rather more formidable descent of myriads, more fiercely pickaxing at the surface. Oxford-street, Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner—all well-chosen *terrains*—have been laid waste for weeks. Periods of rest recur. The excavations pall. Nothing is done. Nobody minds—except Everybody who travels by day and night in London.

A merely utilitarian age would insist that these operations should be worked by day and night shift, swiftly, so as not to disorganise traffic a moment longer than could be helped. The work would be pressed till it was done, without intervals for rest and reconsideration. That would relieve poor Everybody.

THE YOUNG APACHE.

SIR NEVIL MACREADY, the Commissioner of Police, has told us that the "new" criminal who is at present exercising the ingenuity of his men is mainly young—"youths from sixteen to twenty-two." These young men, or some of them, have been fighting. They do not see the fun of a return to industrial monotony.

That, once again, answers the noodles who talk of the "purifying flame of war," whenever a war breaks out in the modern world.

Not only does war not "purify": it eats like a cancer into the morals of all the nations engaged in it, victorious or vanquished. Its effect upon sexual morality is too obvious to need more than a mention. And now, too, we begin to note its reactions upon the minds of many whom it has trained to brutality and violence.

Let us remember these things—and indeed we shall be constantly reminded of them by the facts of daily life—when next a patriotic stay-at-home rises in some newspaper pulpit to tell us that war "purifies" the world.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

At the least bear patiently, if thou canst not joyfully.—Thomas à Kempis.



Miss Daphne Gladstone, granddaughter of Sir Stuart Bayley.



Mrs. J. Fry, daughter-in-law of the Governor of the Isle of Man.

LORD DERBY'S SUCCESS.

The Cheerfulness of the Ex-Kaiser—What Will Mr. Barnes Do?

LORD DERBY HAS ONCE AGAIN intimated to the Government that he wishes to return to England, and a new Ambassador to France will need to be appointed without delay. Lord Derby has ingratiated himself with all the many leaders of the political and social world, and has done a great service for his country.

New Types of Ambassador.

The Government, I learn, will have some difficulty in filling the post. They are, I believe, rather concerned to find a new type of

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The I.A.

I was dining on Saturday with a friend from India, and he was wondering why some of the young ex-officers whom we hear about as in want of jobs do not join the Indian Army. Present pay and future prospects are alike alluring. Seven hundred rupees a month in pay and allowances is not to be received with sterner contempt.

A Candidate.

From the Wrekin division, I hear that Mr. Charles Palmer is walking into the affections of the voters in fine style. Mr. Horatio Bottomley wires me that "victory is certain." I hope he is not too optimistic, but Mr. Palmer certainly is a strong candidate.

Energy.

One of the most noticeable things about Mr. Palmer is his capacity for hard work. When he was editing an evening paper, to write a column and a half parliamentary sketch, a column "leader," and perhaps a short article or so was an ordinary morning's

A Catholic Wedding.

Lady Babbie's son by her first husband, Captain J. B. Hayes, of the Queen's, was married on Saturday afternoon at St. James', Spanish-place, to Miss Gwen Harold, daughter of the well-known Harley-street physician, the late Dr. John Harold. Among the group of blue-clad bridesmaids I saw Lady Babbie's daughter (the bridegroom's step-sister) and Miss Kathleen Harold, the bride's sister.

Conductors' Posers.

"Supposing a lady gets into your bus and then discovers that she has lost her fare, what should you do?" This is one of the questions put to would-be conductors at the L.G.O. Company training school at Chelsea.

—And Poses.

Another "poser" is: "What is the proper way to stand when not collecting fares, and why?" This is rather suggestive of an actor-manager posing in the limelight. Much of the training is done by film, the school having its own well-appointed cinema theatre.

"In the Market."

It is rather a relief to hear that some of the best known of the plausible and well-dressed adventurers of the West End are "in the market." This is a police term signifying that though the gentry in question have not been actually arrested they are being closely watched, and that the detectives are only waiting for a chance to pounce.

Still Life.

I fully sympathised with the old lady who bemoaned the high cost of living last week at Christie's when two eggs—French, with a saucepan—realised 550s. Fortunately Spanish eggs are not so ruinous. A big basketful, with a lot of vegetables thrown in, only made 11s. They were painted eggs.

Antipodean 'Flu.

Poor old Europe is not alone in its troubles. I have had a letter from a friend in Tasmania which enumerates the 'flu, the strikes, the labour unrest generally, and the anticipation of a failure of the fruit crop as among the things which are making the inhabitants look straight down their noses.

The Stock.

There is no doubt that we are getting more formal in our attire, and the old free-and-easiness of war time is gradually and reluctantly vanishing. There is quite a little boom in stocks, or "twice-round" ties, generally in black or blue with white spots. With these must be worn a high white collar, so that the rather slovenly-looking soft collar is not having it all its own way.

Formality.

Again, the morning coat is greatly in favour, and is more of formal cut. The latest has a pronounced waist and is cut away very sharply in front. It certainly looks good on figures that can stand it.

1920 Threepenny Bits.

Have you noticed the number of threepenny bits in circulation just now? And have you noticed something else? Most of them are this year's coinage. The Mint evidently means to be up-to-the-moment.

A Peer-Vocalist.

Lord Shaftesbury is Lord-Lieutenant of Dorset and president of the Society of Dorset Men in London. He is likewise a very fine



Miss Marie Hemingway, in "The Only Way," at Covent Garden.



Miss Megan Foster, a vocalist, and daughter of Mr. Ivor Foster, the well-known singer.

singer, and will be vocal at the Dorset concert at the Steinway Hall next week. So will his sister, Lady Maud Warrender. The object of the concert is to provide funds for giving silver bugles and drums to the Dorset Regiment.

THE RAMBLER

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 6.



They begin to "buy" furniture: or at least to look at it without buying it!

Ambassador, for there are great offices to be filled abroad. What are wanted are business men expert in a wide range of affairs.

Lord Hardinge.

I understand that Lord Hardinge of Penshurst will not go to Paris, although he was marked out for the post some time ago. Other important work is being allotted to him.

Ex-Kaiser Cheerful.

A Dutch correspondent informs me that the ex-Kaiser is greatly cheered by the refusal of the Dutch Government to permit his extradition. While the ex-Kaiser's advisers had been informally told he was safe, he was nervous lest the Dutch should change their attitude. The news has acted like a tonic.

Mr. Barnes' Position.

Is there any truth in the report that Mr. G. N. Barnes may rejoin his Labour friends? He has no Cabinet post now, and there is no likelihood of his being given one. Ministerial reconstruction is, I hear, postponed.

work. Then he would probably go to a theatre at night and write a "notice."

A Sister Scot.

Mrs. Asquith's visit to Scotland is paid in the hopes of winning the women's votes for Mr. Asquith in Paisley. Most people in commenting on Mrs. Asquith's journey north seem to forget that she is a Glasgow woman. This may help her in influencing the women voters.

The Other Side.

There is a good deal of spectrality, both in London and Paisley, as to how the Coalition Liberals will vote. I am afraid that Mr. Mackean is too much of the Tory type to suit some of these stern and unbending Scots.

Vanishing London.

I see that at long last the "demolisher" has entered into the lums of Court Hotel, in Holborn, and is already busy gutting it. It stood empty and desolate long before the war; was later used by the Welsh Regiment; and will now become a telephone exchange.

REMARKABLE SHOE BARGAIN

Offer for a Short Period Only.

THE Ladies' style illustrated here represents the very latest thing in footwear—a beautifully modelled patent shoe, perfect in every way and highly finished. Made in the goloshed pattern, with fashionable toe shape and extra stylish Cuban heel, it is just the smartest and most distinctive shoe any lady could wish to wear.

A huge deal in high-grade patent leather has enabled us to produce this shoe at a much lower figure than we could possibly do in the usual way, and as an advertisement this splendid footwear is offered at the ridiculously low price (for this unequalled quality) of 39/6.

When our existing stocks are disposed of, these shoes cannot be repeated under 47/6 so **send the order TO-DAY and make sure of your pair.**

Sizes in stock: 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7. If the size is not known, send pencilled outline of stockings foot and we will guarantee to fit. Shoes exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.

Special Show
during the week at
London Depots:

56, Oxford Street, W.1.
21 & 22, Cheapside, E.C.
57, Fenchurch St., E.C.
168, Strand, W.C.
285, High Holborn, W.C.
12, Tottenham Court Rd., W.

W. BARRATT & CO. Ltd. (Dept. R)

"Footshape" Boot Works, NORTHAMPTON.

NOTE THE PRICE
39/6 USUAL PRICE **47/6**
ONLY



Send 3d. postage for our large Illustrated Art Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's and Children's Footshape Footwear.

The finest choice in London

Acres of Furniture at the 'Midland' Salons.

ARE you looking for furniture? You will find everything you want in the Midland Salons. There are acres of floor-space covered with splendidly-made New and Period furniture. Thirty model rooms completely furnished, enable you to judge how your own home will look. And with the widest choice the 'Midland' offers you the most generous terms of all.

A Beautiful Home out of Income.

Come to-day. You will find it worth while to investigate our Plan of Purchase. Briefly it is this—

You choose your furniture. You arrange to pay for it in 1, 2 or 3 years. We charge no interest, no "extras" of any kind. We give free Fire and Life Insurance, deliver immediately, carriage free, and pay customers' fares to town on all orders of £30 or over.

If you prefer to pay cash 10% discount is allowed.



If you cannot come to-day send a post-card for this Book, "The Furniture of the Future." It is full of up-to-date information, which you will find very useful.

The Midland
Furnishing Co. Ltd.

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,
15-23, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
1 minute from Holborn and British Museum Tube Stations.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturday—9 till 1.

WONDERFUL BARGAIN SALE

Extra-ordinary Reductions

All Goods sold free in U.K.

D.M. 185 (as sketch).—Good quality heavy knitted sports coat. Each coat weighs 1½ lbs. 7oz. Sash belt, revers & pockets. Colours: Light sage, dark sage, Champagne, Rose & Sky. If you order by telegraph of this coat you save 6d. **Cleaning at each 35/9**

D.M. 123 (as sketch).—Good Heavy Knitted Woolen Sports Coat. Colours: Fawn, Navy, Brown, Sage, Rose, Bottle, Purple, Amethyst, Canary, Grey, Mustard and Black. Usual price 20/- **12/11**

D.M. 1233 (as sketch).—White Voile House with embroidery front, trimmed Valenciennes Lace. Usual price 12/11 **Cleaning at each 8/11**

D.M. 183 (as sketch).—Best quality All Wool Art Serge tailor-made costume. Coat lined, Sizes 34, 36, 38 bust, and 34, 36 in. skirts. Colours: Navy, Sage, Amethyst, Purple, Mole & Tan. Patterns sent. Usual price 4 gns **Sale Price each 59/9**

D.M. 208 (as sketch).—All wool best quality heavy knitted sports coat. Each coat weighs 1½ lbs. 7oz. Sash belt, revers & pockets. Colours: Light sage, dark sage, Champagne, Rose & Sky. If you order by telegraph of this coat you save 6d. **Cleaning at each 35/9**

D.M. 185 (as sketch).—Good quality medium Grey over-check Tweed tailor-made costume. Belt and Pockets. Coat lined. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 bust. Skirts 34 and 36. Patterns sent. Usual price 72/6 **Sale Price each 45/9**

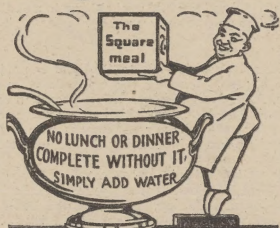
WYNNE BROS., MANUFACTURERS,
14 & 15, Goswell Road, Aldergate St., London, E.C.1

Four Large Steaming Platesful of de'icious SOUP in every 2d. Packet.

Always start your meal with Foster Clark's Soup. It is so warming and nourishing, so helpful in making a good square meal, especially on cold meat days. The children love it with bread or potatoes. It keeps the meat bill down.

12 VARIETIES—Try the Ox-Tail.

Ox-tail Green Pea Hotch Potch Lentil
Tomato Mock Turtle Cream of Celery Pea
Scotch Broth Mulligatawny Harb Kidney



Foster Clark's
MAKES 4 PLATESFUL
2d. SOUPS

LAST WEEK OF SALE! FUR COATS & FURS

Being Sold at Extraordinary Low Prices.

Throughout this week I am holding my annual Stock-taking Sale, and am offering some exceptional bargains in rich Fur Coats and Furs, as will be seen below—

| | Usual Price. | Sale Price |
|--|--------------|------------|
| 30 Model Fur Coats (various) ... | 45 gns. | 25 gns. |
| Rich Seal Musquash Coats ... | 100 " | 55 " |
| Rich Electric Seal Coats ... | 35 " | 18 " |
| Rich Natural Musquash Coats ... | 45 " | 25 " |
| Rich Skunk Wraps and Stoles ... | 25 " | 15 " |
| Rich Skunk Muffs ... | 15 " | 8 " |
| Rich Mole Coney Coats ... | 35 " | 18 " |
| Flank Musquash Coats ... | 25 " | 15 " |
| Electric Seal Coats with Skunk Collars ... | 32 " | 18 ½ " |
| Fine Coney Seal Coats ... | 28 " | 16 " |
| 35 Cloth Coats Lined with Fur ... | 12 " | 7 ½ " |
| 60 Fur Sets—Stole and Muff ... | 4 " | 2 " |

THESE BARGAINS OFFERED THIS WEEK ONLY.

It is advisable to pay an Early Visit to my Showrooms if you wish to take advantage of these Bargains, as no goods are sent on approval.

WM. WALLACE,
Furrier,

29, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (Oxford St. end), W.
Close 1 o'clock Saturday. Phone: 442 Museum



18 ONLY OF THIS COAT.
Electric Seal Coat with Mole Collar, Cuffs and Plounce
Sale Price **15 gns.**

CROWDED SHOPS AND BUSY SHOPPERS.

WOMEN ANXIOUS TO BUY DESPITE HIGH PRICES.

By L. CRAWLEY.

The coming of spring is already noticeable in the shops, the writer observes, and she finds that our big stores are more busy than ever this year.

THE quiet time, usually anticipated in the shopping world just after Christmas, is over, and in almost every shop the last few days of the winter sales attracted large crowds of customers.

The "slack" period has not been so slack this year, and whether from a fear that prices will mount even higher in the near future, or from inability to resist the tempting bargains set before them, women are spending their money with a freedom hitherto unprecedented.

And the curious thing is that despite the fact that everyone bewails the high cost of living, and most people's incomes have dwindled in proportion to the enormous increase in prices all round, everyone seems to have money to spend.

Expensive wares and purchases as readily as do cheaper ones. An employee in one of the large West End stores explains this fact as follows:—

"If a thing is very expensive," she says, "people think that it must be worth having, and those who have not the money to buy it, save and scrape until they can. If a thing is cheap a woman feels she must get it before someone else snaps it up. Ever so many people buy things they don't really need just because they've seen them marked dearer in other shops."

SHOPPING WITHOUT BUYING.

Few customers realise how shrewdly they are summed up, ticketed and filed, so to speak, by those who wait on them. The success of a saleswoman depends almost entirely on her ability to sum up her customers swiftly and accurately, and by so doing to save herself and them both time and trouble.

A large part of every woman's life is spent in shopping, and though crowds and high prices have combined to make this pursuit far less easy and pleasant than it used to be, nine out of every ten women thoroughly enjoy it, and if circumstances allowed would willingly devote far more time to it than they do.

The average woman derives pleasure from the contemplation of rich and beautiful things in the way of clothing and furniture.

She may not be able to afford to spend much on her personal adornment, but she likes to finger rich materials, try on beautiful cloaks and furs, and dress herself in imagination in the lovely gowns she sees displayed round her.

Very few women are not interested in dress, and even if a woman does not trouble about it for herself she will be keenly interested in it for her children.

Beautiful house fittings and furniture appeal to her just as much. She may live alone in rooms or dreary lodgings, but she loves to picture to herself the kind of home she would like to have.

THE FIRST NEW HATS.

The winter sales have offered fine opportunities for replenishing stocks of house linen at what must now be considered moderate cost. Particularly noticeable this week is the attention paid by all large stores to chintzes and cottons, odd lengths of which are offered in beautiful designs and colourings at almost pre-war prices.

For 1s. 11d. and 1s. 6d. per yard (reduced from two or even three times the sum) some exquisite styles are obtainable, the floral pattern of which has almost the effect of raised velvet on a dull-toned background. Striped and checked effects are also offered at a low figure.

Owing, perhaps, to the very mild weather we have lately been having, spring hats have made an unusually early appearance in the windows of every milliner's shop this year. They are always welcomed and hailed as eagerly as the first primroses, and even with the prospect of many weeks of chilly weather yet to be faced, one feels that at all events the shops are doing their utmost to hasten the coming of spring.

Appreciative crowds surged round the window where some particularly charming new straws were displayed, and quite a number of people went in and bought them, "because they looked so nice and sunny," as one customer explained.

The shops are all more or less in that chaotic state which is the prelude to the spring season. Every department is turned upside down and a miscellany of old stock, remnants, oddments and manufacturers' samples is offered at clearing prices in order that a fresh start may be made with the new spring goods.

WHY WILL WOMEN WORRY THEMSELVES ILL?

FRETTING THAT LEADS TO NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

By T. H. SCOTT.

WHY do women worry?

There will no doubt be some thousands of people who will think they have answered this query by saying: "But men worry, too! Of course they do—although as a rule worrying in a man never seems to have the same nerve-wrecking effect as in a woman—but that does not explain why women worry."

A wife will fret and excite herself into a state of painful mental disorder because her husband is unexpectedly detained in the city an hour beyond his usual time. She will imagine all manner of terrible tragedies to have happened. And imagine them so vividly and in such detail, with all their horrible consequences, that she will suffer quite as acutely as if the tragedy were a fact.

In the same way a mother will torture herself over her children.

A bride will worry over the wedding, the honeymoon, her fitness for married life, and her chances of happiness.

A student will worry over her examination; an applicant for work over an interview; and most women will worry over the changes in their personal appearance that age surely brings about.

This unfortunate habit is one of the greatest banes of women. It has done much in the past to earn them the description of the weaker sex. It keeps them to-day out of many useful spheres that are open to them.

Can nothing be done to lift this burden?

The general attitude towards it is one of impatience and contempt. Why should a woman worry? The cure is in her own hands—let her give it up. It merely requires an

effort of will. And the mere man, who is brought in irritating daily contact with a woman who worries usually shows his irritation and impatience by displays of temper and resentment.

This failure to arouse any sympathy or understanding is one of the most distressing features of the malady, and a direct aggravation of it. Above all, it calls for sympathetic treatment.

The sufferer's nerves need to be soothed—not nattered by argument and sneers.

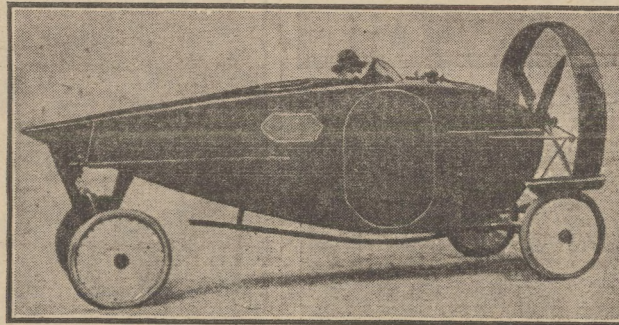
Had we a medical service devoted to "preventive" work—which we have not—here is a subject that might well employ its energies.

Any doctor will treat a case of nervous breakdown or neurasthenia or neuritis or any severe nervous disorder that comes within his catalogue of diseases. But he cannot tell a woman how to check the first beginnings of these terrible maladies by conquering this habit of worrying.

So far he has not regarded it as in his province, and if asked he can only make the reply of the exasperated husband and impatient child: "Don't do it!"

Some day, perhaps, an iconoclast will rise in the medical world who will devote his attention to preventing instead of curing. He may even have the genius to recognise that the smaller ills of humanity—ailments that cannot be treated by surgical operations or cured by long periods of treatment in the best bedside manner—inflict a heavier burden of suffering on mankind in the aggregate than the recognised maladies that fill the doctors' pockets.

Till then, I am afraid, there is no cure for the women who worry, except that effort of will they cannot make, and the hope that in the wider, freer, fuller life that is coming this will be one of the foibles of the restricted past.



SCREW-PROPELLED.—The first motor-car propelled by aerial screws was the invention of the late Captain Ferber, a well-known Frenchman.

OUR UNCEREMONIOUS CIVIL MARRIAGES.

MORE DIGNITY WANTED IN REGISTER OFFICE WEDDINGS.

By JOAN KENNEDY.

"THOSE whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." So says the Church, recognising only death as a means of freedom from the marriage tie. But the State provides divorce. Thus on the marriage question we get Church and State in opposition.

Divorced people are not entitled to remarriage in a church. The clergy prohibit remarriage because it is against the laws of the Church. But should they bar the innocent party in a divorce suit from the religious ceremony?

The State provides the civil ceremony to meet the case, but, were the civil marriage not possible, then the Church would, by her harsh law, encourage couples to form irregular unions.

Register office marriages do not appeal to all. Women, especially, prefer the religious form of marriage.

In the marriage "rush" during the war there were a good many register office marriages. You note, too, that a divorce rush has followed the marriage rush. A big percentage of those matings which the divorce judges are dissolving were war weddings.

It would be interesting to obtain the exact percentage of civil marriages among them.

A State marriage is as legally binding as a marriage in a church, but you find hundreds who do not look upon the two forms of union in the same light. Some couples, married before the registrar during the days

of war, have since remarried before the altar. That fact speaks for itself.

There are other cases on record of brides' dissatisfaction with their civil unions and not regarding them as anything but a temporary arrangement. I have heard women sneer at register office brides and openly boast that they were "really married in a church."

I have also met more than one wife who refused the open door to freedom, which divorce offered, because of those sacred vows she had taken at the altar.

Marriage before the registrar may be convenient, but church marriages are more popular. Their popularity lies in their greater dignity. Civil marriage is a colourless business as it exists to-day, and it is high time we devised a more worthy civil ceremony in more dignified surroundings.

There should be a fitting alternative for those whom the Church shuts out.

Why not State marriage chapels attached to every town hall, robes of office for the registrar, and a small guard of our "men in blue" for the ceremony?

This would remove much of the lack of dignity of the civil marriage.

On the Continent civil marriages take place before the mayor—who is a person of standing and whose presence lends dignity to the ceremony.

Here at home a couple enter a dusty office, two passing pedestrians are coaxed in as witnesses, and, in a few minutes, the life vows are taken. It is legal, but sadly lacking in solemnity and dignity.

It is, indeed, high time we gave consideration to the question of making the State marriage ceremony more stately.

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they really improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH.



The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspensers.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST

No bones or steel to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspensers, detachable for washing purposes.

It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.

It has a short (6 inch) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The history of the Health Corset may be set out in a few lines—it is founded on Science, improved by Experience and beautified by Art; its perfection is the result of the co-operation of the Artist and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Co. etc.

Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the

HEALTH CORSET COMPANY,

Dept. 7, Morley House,

26-28, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

?

Do you
want to learn
how to do
Applique
Work?

READ
Everywoman's

The Smartest Practical Home
Weekly—On Sale To-day 1d.

CONSUMPTION.

If you are suffering from this supposedly incurable disease, send to-day for a Free Sample or a larger supply, on the "No cure, no pay" principle, of the only remedy that has ever been known to cure Consumption in its advanced stages, and it has been proved in the High Courts of Justice, King's Bench Division, to have cured many such cases. Full particulars post free on request. Only address:—Chas. H. Stevens, 204, Worpole-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 19.

ROAD-MENDING 'HUSTLER' WANTED

SIR W. DE FRECE BUSY.

NEWS



A congestion scene in the Strand, where the road is under repair.



Sir Walter de Frece, Coalition Unionist, making a speech outside a mill at Ashton-under-Lyne. His wife, Miss Vesta Tilley, is working hard to ensure his return at the poll, and is reported to have already won the hearts of the women voters.



Outside the Gaiety. A lady artist at work, but nothing being done to the road.

The Strand, now in the grip of the road-mender, is a good example of the inconvenience caused to traffic by this work. Why cannot the shift system, utilising meal times, nights, Saturdays and Sundays, be brought into operation to expedite the work?



TRAINING UNEMPLOYED WOMEN. — Demobilised Waags putting finishing touches to costumes in the Ladies' Tailoring Exhibition Room of the L.C.C. Trade School for girls, Lime-grove, Shepherd's Bush.



THE LATEST COIFFURE.—One of the latest coiffures adopted. A prolonged chignon will be observed at a slightly elevated angle.



IRISH WEDDING.—Major MacCarthy O'Leary and Miss Rose Marie Fogarty were married at the Church of the Visitation, Fairview, Dublin. A girl "snapshots" the bridal couple after the ceremony.



FILM STAR.—Miss Rubye de Remer, who will be seen in a Phoenix production, "His Temporary Wife." She is well known on the American vaudeville stage.



Light-Com. G. H. R. V. R., receiving D.F.O. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He was killed on 14th June 1918, at the Battle of the Somme.



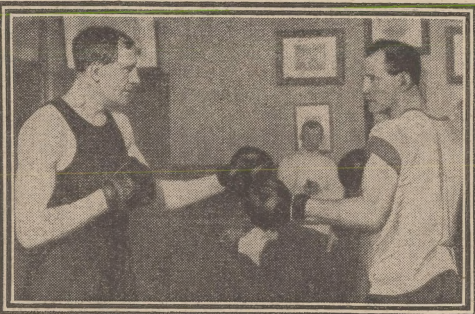
NEW MODE.—A sequins trimmed and charming.



Mr. T. R. Glover, just been elected position of public Cambridge University succession to Sir Sainsbury.

ITS.

WELLS AND P.C. BOXER.



"Bombardier" Billy Wells in training at Putney for his match with Harry Reeve at the Canterbury Music-hall to-morrow, spars with P.C. Chase, heavy weight champion of the Police. Will Chase meet the U.S.A. Police challenger.



A NEW CONSUMPTION TREATMENT.—The first installation of the "Finsen" light, presented by Queen Alexandra to the London Hospital some years ago, is working at high pressure four days a week.

SKI-SAILING IN NORWAY.



A party of ski-runners taking refreshment. The sails provide protection from the wind.

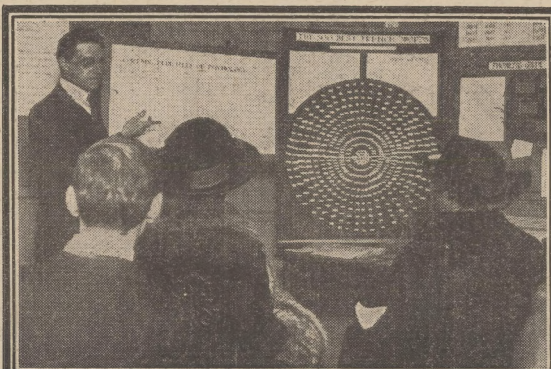


Ski-sailing in Norway, 4,000ft. above sea level.

Ski-sailing is one of the most popular sports in the snow-covered districts of Norway. Parties go out for the day and take refreshments with them in thermos flasks and haversacks. One sail is used between two people.



SHAVIAN DRAMA.—Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore as Louka in the revival of "Arms and the Man," Mr. Bernard Shaw's anti-romantic comedy, at the Duke of York's.



NEW METHODS OF TEACHING.—A demonstration on the use of a wonderful set of charts for learning languages given to students and teachers at the International Students' Bureau, Russell-square.



BURNS ANNIVERSARY.—Mr. J. D. Cormack (left), president of the London Burns Club, placed a wreath on the Burns statue.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries
JEFFERY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom
LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.
ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.
LESLIE STAFFORD.—A young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffery Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.
Laurie informs Meg that his fiancée has been secretly in league with Leslie Stafford!

WHERE THE MONEY WENT.

LAURIE was very ill. The doctor called by some grand-sounding name, which he afterwards interpreted to me as a sort of nervous fever. He asked me straight out what sort of a life my brother had been leading, and when I said, "Well, I think he has been up late a great deal," he seemed to understand that I, in my turn, meant dissipation.

"He wants perfect rest and quiet," he told me, and looked at me doubtfully.

"Do you intend nursing him yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, if you think I can," I answered. "I have a very good maid, and I am sure between us we shall be able to manage."

So Mary and I set to, and turned the flat into a sort of miniature nursing home. I was glad of something to do, and though, of course, all my own plans had once again been knocked on the head, the time no longer hung heavily on my hands, for, although the doctor insisted that Laurie was not at all dangerously ill, there was a good deal to be done.

He could not sleep well—that was his great trouble—and when he did, sometimes doze off fitfully he muttered and moaned the whole time, and always woke up trembling.

I heard no more from Jeffery, or from Mr. Robson, and the little flat might have been an island in mid-Atlantic for all we knew or heard of the outside world.

And then one afternoon, when I had dozed off in an armchair in Laurie's room, I woke with a start to find him sitting up, leaning on an elbow and looking at me curiously.

I jumped up at once. "Do you want anything? I'm so sorry; I'd only just dozed off for a minute."

He lay back again with a little sigh. "No." And for a moment there was silence; then he asked: "What does the doctor say about me?"

"That you will be all right with perfect rest and quiet."

Laurie laughed mirthlessly. "All right. I shall never be all right as long as I live."

I felt myself paling. "What do you mean? You are not very seriously ill, dear; it's only just the life you've been leading lately."

He interrupted. "Yes, I know. That's just it. The life I've been leading—the life I shall go on leading—as long as I live." He turned his face away from me. "I've been an impossible cad to you, Meg," he went on roughly. "Since I've been here I've thought about nothing else, and wondered why you've stuck to me through it all."

"Because I love you, of course," I said, trying to speak lightly, for the something tragic in his voice hurt.

He shook his head. "I love you, too—in my own way. A rotten way, I suppose, because I haven't prevented me from treating you like dirt. If it hadn't been for me, Willard would have been alive and well now. . . . Meg—I had a curious sort of dream about last night."

I winced. "Did you dream that I don't think about it dreams don't mean anything."

He did not answer that, and for a little while he lay quiet; then he said again, passionately:—

"I hope to God that, whatever happens—you'll never marry Leslie Stafford."

The hot colour beat into my face. "You need not be afraid; I never shall."

He gave a quick sigh. "I wonder what there is about that brute the women like! I told you—or didn't? I tell you—that Isabel has always cared for him!" He laughed wretchedly.

"Whenever I've got money out of you, it's been for her—perhaps you've guessed that now—and she's always given it to him. Yesterday—she stopped pretending, and told me that she had never intended to marry me, and that she had never cared a hang for me. I don't blame her for that. . . . She told me that I was utterly worthless and that I ought to be shot for the way I have treated you."

I broke out angrily: "How dare she say such a thing, when you only did it for her sake!"

Laurie shook his head wearily.

"No, I didn't—altogether. It's in me—the crooked strain! Jeffery Stafford always knew it, and hated me for it, and he was right."

I looked away from him into the fire.

"Laurie—that that time. . . . Christmas Eve?"

I could hardly steady my voice—"when you first told me you were in trouble—money difficulties. . . . they were they really for. . . . her—all the time?"

He answered me roughly: "I wanted some of the money for her. Perhaps indirectly she got it all—I don't know. There were so many wheels within wheels, and I was always the fool, only I could never see it."

"And did she. . . . has she always known Leslie Stafford?"

"God only knows—I suppose so."

There was such hard unhappiness in his voice that I put out my hand and took his comfortably.

"Never mind, old boy," I said, "it's not too late."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

late now. We'll start again somewhere and be happy—we'll forget the past."

"Start again somewhere? Forget the past!" he echoed, with almost a sob. "You know that's what I shall never be able to do; as long as I live I shall be a curse to you—spending your money. . . . you know it as well as I do."

"Well, I've nobody else to spend it for me," I said painfully.

He turned his head against the pillow and looked at me.

"You mean—it's all true about Jeffery—everything is at an end between you?" I nodded, trying to smile.

He sent his solicitor here. . . . oh, days ago! . . . to see me and ask if I intended to defend the case."

"And—what did you say?"

"I said 'No,' of course. What else could I say? I'm not—not guilty—whatever he chooses to think, whatever anyone else chooses to think, and I don't care now! I want to be free—I'm so tired of everything." I added, with a little break in my voice.

Laurie's fingers closed hard about mine.

"I've been your handi-cap—all along," he said hoarsely. "Years ago, when the gov'nor died, and old what's-his-name wanted me to settle some of the money on you, I wouldn't do it, you remember that? . . . I ought to have done it—I ought to have made sure of the future for you. It was a disgraceful thing."

"It was my fault as much as yours," I said eagerly. "You know it was! I wanted you to do as you wished."

"If you had the time to come over again, you wouldn't," he said cynically.

made no reply to that, and presently he closed his eyes and lay very still, and thinking he was asleep, I crept out of the room and went into the kitchen to Mary.

"Mr. Laurie is asleep," I said. "Will you look after him if I go out for half an hour? I feel as if I must have some fresh air."

I had not been out for two days, and my head ached dully, and though out in the street the wind was cold and cutting it seemed to do me good as it blew over my face, stinging it, and making me catch my breath.

I thought of Laurie all the time. Poor boy! He was his own worst enemy, after all. And I made up my mind that as soon as I could move him I would take him away from London.

We had been everything to one another once. Was there any reason why we could not be so again?

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

I TRIED to believe not, but in my heart I knew that I should never again be really happy or contented, and that the only thing I wanted in all the world was to go back to my husband. And that would never be possible! There had been steady indifference in his eyes when he looked at me that day in the restaurant, and I knew that indifference was a far harder thing to bear than hatred. Besides. . . . and then I laughed to myself as I recalled the unspeakable things he believed of me; they stood between us as high as the walls of Jericho, and there was no magic trumpet in my life that would ever level them again.

I was no girl in a story wherein things all came right on the last page. What I had got to face was a future without hope. I thought of Jeffery as he had been when I first knew and disliked him; how scornful I had been of Allison's love for him; and yet now there was a little aching sympathy with her in my heart for what she had done in writing these letters to him.

Perhaps in the same circumstances I should have done the same thing. Who knew? How could one know until the temptation came? After all, she had loved him long before I had, and I wondered if she had cared in just the same sort of way, with a love that was more than anything a deep sense of safety and an assurance of constancy.

With him there would have been no misunderstandings, no jealousy; just a deep, complete happiness!

And then I thought of him as he had looked the night of the Fryers' dance, when he had stepped from behind the screen and offered himself to me as "the highest bidder."

I had hated him then—I had said in my heart that he was both old and ugly and nothing that I could ever admire or love! How blind and foolish! Now I would have given everything I possessed to feel his arms around me again.

The tears were wet on my cheeks as I walked on through the growing darkness, and over and over again in my thoughts I was saying to myself, "He did love me. Oh, I know he did." And could love die like that, at the mere breath of suspicion? Oh, but it was more than a breath, I knew; the evidence against me must have seemed so utterly damning to a man of his temperament.

I had wandered down to the embankment, and I stopped for a moment and looked across the grey slushy water to the belt of lights on the other side.

In spite of the cold, it was a clear night, with myriads of stars overhead, and each star seemed to be like a sympathetic eye looking down at my unhappiness, and all at once something brought to my mind again the words which Mary had spoken to me when I first told her of my trouble.

"Perhaps if you were to go back to him, ma'am. . . . Oh, I know it's none of my business, but it seems such a pity, for the sake of a few words, perhaps."

I had laughed at her at the time, and told her that such a thing was impossible, but now out here in the February greyness, with the stars overhead, and the loneliness of crowded London all around me, it did not seem such a terrible

thing to contemplate, after all.

Supposing I took her advice. Supposing I went to him—just for the last time—and tried to explain—tried to make him believe me? My heart beat fast at the idea, and for a moment I closed my eyes to the myriads of stars that seemed to be watching and waiting for my decision. Then—suddenly—before I was really conscious of having moved, I had turned and was walking swiftly away.

I wonder why it is that sometimes things which one would never contemplate for a moment in the cold sane light of day seem quite possible and even reasonable, at night. For utterly mad as it may sound, it seemed to me that I was doing the right thing as I crossed the road, and hailing a taxi, gave the driver the address of the hotel where I knew Jeffery would probably be staying.

Every nerve in my body was throbbing with excitement, and it was only when we had started away and I had a moment in which to think, I began to look ahead and realise what might happen.

He might be out. He might refuse to see me. He might—oh, a thousand and one things might happen to defeat me again and add to my bitter humiliation.

"Here we are, and they were gone—away."

I was shaking like a leaf as I got out, and fumbled in my pocket for his fare.

When he had driven away I stood on the path, looking at the big sign of the hotel—afraid to go in, and yet loth to turn away from it.

I wanted to see him so much! To-night the dear memory of him seemed so much nearer and more real to me, and I think had I known for certain that he would be coming to me, I would still have gone on, just for the sake of seeing him once more—but for something that happened as I stood there.

The big swing door of the hotel opened, and the commissionaire man came down and hailed a passing taxi; and then—as I shrank back a little into the shadow, the door opened again, and I caught my breath with a hard sob, as I saw Jeffery, and a girl with him—a girl who smiled up at him—Allison Lee.

They never glanced in my direction. They looked quite happy and unconcerned, but my burning eyes never left them, as I saw him hand her into the waiting taxicab and follow.

A moment—and they were gone—away. I was left alone in the bleak, wind-swept street.

Presently I turned and walked away; I felt numbed with bitter pain and jealousy, and yet through it all I had the sense to be glad that my instinct had kept me from going into the hotel. I had been spared the shame of that at least, and I tried honestly to be glad, but the only thought in my mind was of the man I loved and Allison Lee, driving away together.

Would he marry her when he was free of me? Had he really always cared for her? And was there some other motive besides the one he had given for wishing to marry her?

I had never been actively jealous before, but I felt as if I could have killed her as I walked on through the cold night.

She had always loved him—I remembered that with anguish—remembered, too, that Mr. Stafford had once told me that Allison was the woman to make Jeffery happy.

But, oh, how could he look at her and smile as he had done at me, the wife who had deliberately tried to ruin my happiness? I did those letters mean so little to him, after all? Or had she explained them away to him more successfully than I had been able to do?

Oh, I felt ill and sick with the strength of my own emotions when I got back to the flat; I stumbled up the stairs feeling as if I were just recovering from a long illness.

Thank heaven, nobody knew of what foolishness I had so nearly been guilty! Thank heaven, that now I should never be so weak again; I had learned my lesson.

passed Mary with averted eyes when she admitted me. "Mr. Laurie awake?" I asked with an effort.

"No, ma'am. I went in a few moments ago and he was still asleep."

I went into his room and sat down by the fire; it had burned down till only a red glow showed through the bars, and the room seemed very still.

I tried to control my thoughts, but they were all out somewhere in the night with Jeffery and Allison Lee.

I felt as if she had actually, with physical hands, pushed me out of his life as I stood there in the wind-swept street and watched them drive away together.

Henceforward there was nobody left to me but Laurie. I sat down by the fire and looked at him lying there in the dim light.

All that was left to me, after my many dreams of happiness! All that was left to me! . . . And then suddenly some instinct—I don't know how and to describe it, but it came as it came—had been—brought me to my feet with a stifled cry.

I bent over him—I laid my hand on his heart—I put my lips to his cheek—cold. . . . so cold. . . . For one petrified moment I stood there, choking. My heart beats seeming to stop. . . . Then I gave a great cry, for I knew that, after all, I had been wrong, and that there was nobody left for me in all the world—nobody!

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.



Meg Ross.



To Beautify and Cleanse the Hair

—use these Two Wonderful Shampoos

To have clean and beautiful hair—hair that has the bright alive sparkling look, that wins admiration everywhere—use Iclima Shampoos regularly. Avoid the imitations.

WET SHAMPOO.

For washing the hair (which should be done every two or three weeks) use the famous WET Shampoos, Iclima Shampoo Sachets. They beautify and preserve the hair. When completely dissolved they give a delightful creamy lather that refreshes and thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp.

DRY SHAMPOO.

In between the wet shampoos, to remove dust and grease (this becomes necessary every few days) DRY shampoo your hair with Iclima Hair Powder. Just powder a little over the hair, let it remain five minutes or till next morning if desired—then brush vigorously—that's all. This is an effective shampoo.

You will be surprised and pleased to find how wonderfully this combined treatment improves most ladies' hair.

Iclima

Shampoos

Iclima is pronounced Eye-Silma.

Iclima Shampoo Sachets (WET) 3d, per packet; box of seven packets, 2s. Iclima Hair Powder (DRY) 3d, per packet; box of seven packets, 1s; large box 2s.

Of Chemists and Stores Everywhere

FREE TO YOU.

BEAUTY BOOKLET with full information about the hair and skin and FREE sample of Iclima Cream, the World's leading toilet cream, sent on receipt of a postcard. International Iclima Trading Co., Ltd. (Dept. 13), 37, 39, 41, 43, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.



Quin Quenna

Makes straight lank hair wavy and lustrous

Quin Quenna used regularly as a shampoo during the winter months will make your hair astonishingly thick, lustrous and wavy. You never catch colds or suffer from headaches if you use Quin Quenna. It cleanses the hair thoroughly, and keeps the scalp free from scurf, dandruff, etc. Positively stops hair falling out. Feeds, nourishes and strengthens the roots, thus inducing a thick, lustrous growth. Beautifies and restores to grey, dull or faded hair all the radiance of youthful charm.

Lady Priestman writes:—"Each granule of Quin Quenna is a hair cleanser and beautifier."

Quin Quenna in packets (containing sufficient for 2 shampoos), 2 for 1/-, 6 packets 2/6. All Chemists.

Quinolox

A Guaranteed Hair Grower.
Brushed into the hair every morning, makes it pretty, wavy, bright and abundant all day long. 2- and 3-6 bottle. All Chemists.
L. B. Chorley writes: "I have found it the most genuine stimulant and hair grower ever known."

SPECIAL OFFER.

A complete Quin Quenna Hair Beauty Outfit, containing 2 packets Quin Quenna Wet and 2 packets Quinolox Dry Shampoo, 1 full-sized bottle Quinolox, sample of Bi-Pastate of Quinolox, will be sent post free on receipt of your Postal Order for 4/6, direct from Leighton Labs., Box 8, 35, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1
D. M. Ealing, writes: "My hair has become quite wavy and strong since using your wonderful Hair Outfit."

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Bisurated Magnesia? Because it is the safest, surest and quickest remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Acidity, Flatulence, etc. Though wonderfully effective in its action, it is perfectly harmless, and can be taken with confidence by the most delicate constitutions. Hundreds of patients who have been recommended Bisurated Magnesia by their medical advisers are full of gratitude for the immediate relief they have experienced. You can prove the beneficial effects of this well-tried remedy without risk of disappointment or loss, for with every bottle of Bisurated Magnesia is enclosed a binding Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money back. It is obtainable at all chemists for 3s. per bottle in powder form, or if tablets are preferred for 1s. 3d. per flask, and if you are suffering from the pains and discomforts of stomach trouble get a bottle to-day, and you will a few minutes after the first dose thoroughly appreciate the reason why doctors so strongly recommend

BISURATED MAGNESIA FOR INDIGESTION

SANDOW CORSET SALE



LAST WEEK.
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

Write for Sale Price List No. 12, POST FREE.

MODEL No. 55.
Average Bust. Corset, medium Bust. in White or Dove Colour, and fitted with two durable suspens-
ders.

SALE PRICE 13/11
CHOOSE YOUR CORSET BARGAIN NOW!

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SANDOW CORSET COMPANY, LTD.,
32, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1.

ROUND the SHOPS

THE REVIVAL OF 18TH CENTURY FASHIONS.



For afternoon wear nothing could be smarter than a simple, flounced frock of dull green taffeta.

VIVID blue satin was the effective material of a smart evening gown with a dainty cross-over bodice and a skirt draped in long cross-over folds to match. To wear with it was a filmy scarf of pearl-grey embroidered tulle.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

is recalled in many of the new fashions designed for spring wear. Embroidered ribbons and pompadour taffetas are to be very popular. Though the old-time stiffness will not be revived, the pointed bodices and short sleeves of our ancestors will be much worn.

FEATHER FRINGES

of bright-hued ostrich fronds are a popular adornment for evening gowns, boudoir wraps and the more ornate afternoon frocks.

A PHEASANT'S FEATHER

was the charming adornment of a large pearl-grey beaver hat, the brim of which was caught up at the side with a small jade buckle.

MARJORIE.



Nigger-brown tulle and taffeta make charming this close-fitting toque, which is ideal wear for winter winds.



Accordion pleats give the desired panache effect to this smart outdoor costume of navy blue tricolette.



AUNT EMMA'S LETTER.

(For the first time in her life our worthy Aunt Emma has been to the pantomime. She has written you a few lines about it.—UNCLE DICK.)

Birdcage Villa.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—

Oh, dear! How thankful I am to get back to my little home! The parrot, thank goodness, has not died in my absence, and I can't find any burglars. I have been to the pantomime! I thought it my duty to go, as Richard is arranging such a big pantomime treat for his nephews and nieces. What do I think of it? Oh, I can hardly say, my mind is in such a whirl!

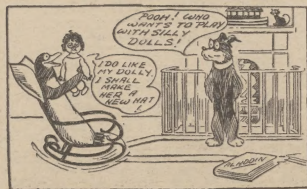
I saw "The Babes in the Wood"—at least, that was the name of it. Such ridiculous jokes, such extraordinary clothes, such confusion and noise! There was one song called "Where do the flies go in wintertime?" and the comedian asked all the unmarried ladies to sing a verse of it. And one man sitting behind me said, "Your turn, missis. Let yourself go!"

I felt most uncomfortable! Fancy me singing such an absurd song at my time of life! It is no business of mine where the flies go, and I certainly don't care.

Well, children, I suppose you will enjoy your uncle's treat, but, for myself, I shall never go to another pantomime. I can't get the smell of orange peel out of my clothes!—Your

AUNT EMMA.

SQUEAK'S FIRST DOLLY COMES TO A SAD END.



During the week-end Angeline presented Squeak with a dolly. Pip was a little jealous and, in examining it, the head of the toy fell off. Poor Squeak was very upset.



No. 17.—Cannibals on All Sides.

RALPH and Jack, with their guide, Nobo, and party of native carriers, were now in the heart of the African jungle, and all sorts of perils and dangers threatened them on all sides.

Nobo did not like to tell his masters, but—he was very uncertain of their position. They had pushed on for such a distance through the mighty forest and the unexplored swamp-lands that he didn't really know where he was. And cannibals were about everywhere! There was no doubt of that—as they were to learn that day to their cost.

The boys were tramping on through an elephant track in the jungle, when they heard some distance ahead a weird screeching howl. "Monkeys—or—savages?" said Ralph quietly, slipping a cartridge into his rifle.

"Massa—stop here!" cried Nobo, his teeth chattering. "Bad men ahead—eat you!"

The boys laughed. "They'll have a stiff job before they make me into a stew!" said Jack. "I fancy a dose of lead—"

He stopped suddenly as a thin, needle-pointed arrow stuck in a tree beside him. They crouched down behind a bush—then they saw!

The undergrowth ahead was full of the leering, black faces of savages. They were waiting to spring on them!

(To-morrow: A Fierce Battle.)

OUR "PANTO" TREAT.

To-day is the closing day for our pantomime treat. The children who have won free seats will be notified this week. In addition to the pantomimes in London and various provincial towns which will be attended by "Children's Mirror" readers, several seats have now been kindly offered by the New Theatre management for "Peter Pan," the wonderful fairy play by Sir J. M. Barrie.



HERCULES

Coat Frock Overalls
STYLISH, COMFORTABLE, SERVICEABLE.

They are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' Hercules, "the tested cloth." They will stand any amount of washing, as the colours are absolutely fast, and the material simply

DEFIES WEAR

We stock Hercules Coat-Frock Overalls in various styles, with or without sleeves, and every one we sell carries the makers' Guarantee.

If a Hercules Garment is unsatisfactory in wash or wear we will at once replace it FREE OF CHARGE. These Overalls cannot be sent on approval. Remittance 10/- Treasury Note or Postal Order must accompany all orders. Cash refunded if goods are not approved.

HERCULES COAT-FROCK OVERALLS,

as sketch, in plain colours of Navy, Dark Sage, Buff, Golden Brown, Champagne and Quaker Grey, Navy and White, Sage and White, Stripe or Check Navy, Sage or Black ground with White pin spot.

Post free 10/-
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CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON, N.W.1. Ltd

(Opposite Camden Town Tube Station, five minutes from Tottenham Court Road.)

Closing Hours: Mon, Tues, & Fri, 10 o'clock, Thurs, 1 o'clock.

Open until 8 o'clock on Saturdays.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH.

Some Good Advice by a Specialist.

If you are losing strength, tire easily, lack ambition and confidence to do things, and feel discouraged, it does not matter whether the cause is from illness, late hours, drinking, or smoking, you are in danger of suffering a complete breakdown unless proper treatment is secured at once.

Strength can only be obtained from the food you eat. Therefore, if you are using up more energy each day than you obtain from your food your case is hopeless until you can reverse the order of things and increase your strength in proportion to the amount you draw upon it. To get back your old-time strength and energy spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply, and get a little Sargol from Boots or any other good Chemist, and take one tablet with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return to you, stomach troubles will vanish, ambition return, and you will feel a keen desire again for both work and pleasure. Sargol has increased strength and nerve power in many cases where the patient, in fact, a little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than 12 meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are run down, are constantly losing strength, are irritable, or your nerves are off, get a 3s. box of Sargol to-day. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.—(Advt.)

Old Folks Need Blood Iron Phosphate

Often Makes Them Look and Feel Twenty Years Younger.

Young, strong and vigorous at seventy would be the rule and not the exception if you only kept your nerves strong and your blood rich in iron. If you want to cover your frame with solid flesh, if you want the courage, strength, health and endurance of twenty or thirty years ago, go to your nearest chemist and get a package of Blood-Iron Phosphate, and take one tablet with each meal. Nothing else that we know will so quickly and surely restore your nervous energy and vitality and so positively supply that iron which makes rich, red, strong, bubbling blood. Blood-Iron Phosphate will make you feel and look younger, stronger and more vigorous; and, as it is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back, you risk nothing by giving it a trial. Get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate to-day, take as directed, and note how quickly you begin to feel better, how much better you sleep, how your appetite improves, and, best of all, the gradual return of that strength, endurance, energy and joy of living you used to feel twenty or thirty years ago.—(Advt.)

terhouse Square, E.C.

Daily Mirror

Monday, January 26, 1920.

TEMPORARY HOSTEL.

BLINDED SOLDIERS "WATCH" FOOTBALL MATCH.



Householders near the Arsenal ground have turned their front gardens and rooms into refreshment bars.



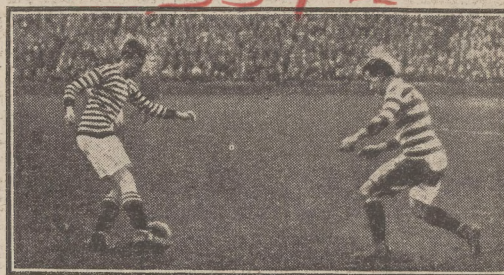
Blind men from St. Dunstan's were present at the Arsenal v. Aston Villa match at Highbury, and were able to follow the game by the applause and comments.



Arsenal v. Aston Villa.—An anxious moment for Arsenal.



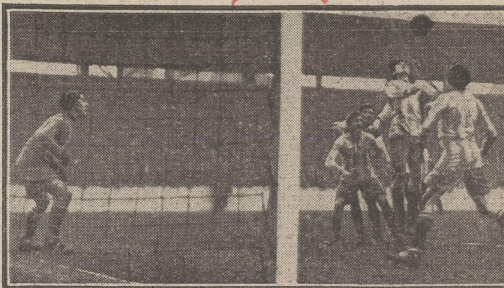
Middlesbrough goalie tips ball over crossbar at the Manchester City v. Middlesbrough match.



Queen's v. Hamilton.—A large crowd present at fight for the cup.



Essex cross-country championship at Southend. Ready for the start.



West Ham v. Bury. Struggle in the Bury goal.



"Over-the-Top," Steeplechase at Windsor. A blunder at the water jump.



Oxford University v. Richmond, at Richmond. An incident in the match.

WEEK-END SPORTS.—The cold, fine weather of the week-end brought thousands of people out for the Saturday sports. There was an enormous crowd at the Arsenal versus

Aston Villa match, the spectators of which included a number of blinded soldiers from St. Dunstan's Hostel.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)